

TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Speech of Hon. C. M. Brown on the
Floor of the Senate on the Pen-
sion Bill May 13th.

Mr. President: The subject matter leading to the introduction of this bill, to every member of the legislature is of profound interest. But to those who participated in the great struggle, it is farther reaching and full of tenderness; and "The half has never yet been told."

Your speaker had the honor to be a member of the great southern army from the first day to the last, and we had revealed to us in reality, that, vision pictured to the christian exile John while on the rocky shores of Patmos, for there we saw "death mounted upon his pale horse" and he was ghastly, fleshless, cadaverous, awful and for four long years, leaning to his flight and flinging from his rattling fingers his fatal darts.

And we saw the God of War sheathe his dripping sword, while the Sun-god of Peace arose upon the crimson wing of morning, and threw out from the disk of his burning shield, level beams of light, athwart the bloody landscapes. We saw the soldiers return to ruined homes and the wailing of orphanage and widows disconsolate, and mothers weeping for their dead.

But this has all passed.

And now, let us draw aside the curtain of the future, and look with the eyes of our imaginative energies, out across the nebulous fields of endless immensity, that we may catch a glimpse of the shadowy forms of our heroes, marching in the sable gloom of the misty beyond, no clank of armor, no tap of drum, in deathless silence, two and two. At the head of the column we see Lee and Jackson, Beauregard and Johnson, Hill and Clayborne, Breckenridge and Hampton, Forest and Morgan, Bartow and Bee.

Officers commissioned and non-commissioned, still they come; and who are these? Companies, battalions, regiments, legions, brigades, divisions, corps, armies, soldiers in gray, marching amid the arches and columns of Heaven's grand reception halls, until Time's old chronometer in eternity's high steeple shall strike off the last dying cycle, and then, revived, we shall stand with the heroes of Troy and Thermopylae, Talavera and Merengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, Marathon and Missolunghi.

The world's heroes—and be received I trust, into a blessed forever, amid the splendor of angelic applause, and the bursting chorus of heaven's orchestral thunders.

I plead now, Mr. President and brother senators, for our needy heroes not for aid in proportion to merit, but in proportion to the state's ability to assist her needy soldiers yet spared, and the widows of those departed.

Mercy, the sweetest and most beautiful maiden in the family of Heaven's magnificent hierarchy, will garland the brows of those that await us. I ask your liberal consideration of this bill not that we may have honor, but that my needy comrades may be upheld by the brawny arms of justice.

For they did string our country's lyre, To deeds of fame in notes of fire. And now concluding, I pray you pull off your shoes and tread lightly on these graves today, for their's is hallowed dust.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mehoopny, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack for 14 months." Electric Bitters positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at Anti-Monopoly Drug Store & Tydings & Co. druggists.

With a Grain of Salt.

From the way the average newspapers treat Albertus Vogt's last discovery of phosphate beds in South Florida it would seem as if they were either doubtful or that the bottom has fallen out of such booms. Some of the sickest men in this country are those who got caught in the first phosphate discovery ten years ago. There was more boom than cash in it.—Metropolis.

Traveling is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much, suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. Geo. E. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes, "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys, and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure." For sale at Post Office Drug Store.

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There are different ways of doing business. One way is to make as much as possible out of customers while they are in the store. Another is to give them the best value for their money. The first way is about as sensible as the man who "killed the goose that laid the golden egg." We are not going to kill the goose, but shall endeavor to keep him healthy.

HIRES' IMPORTED ROOT BEER AND GINGER ALE!

We are always trying to secure seasonable goods for our trade, and as the summer months will soon be here, when, besides ice tea, people will want some cooling drink to invigorate and refresh them, we have secured the agency for the above named popular beverages. We have just received a full assortment in packages of 2 dozen bottles to the case; also carbonated in packages. Send in your orders. x x x

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